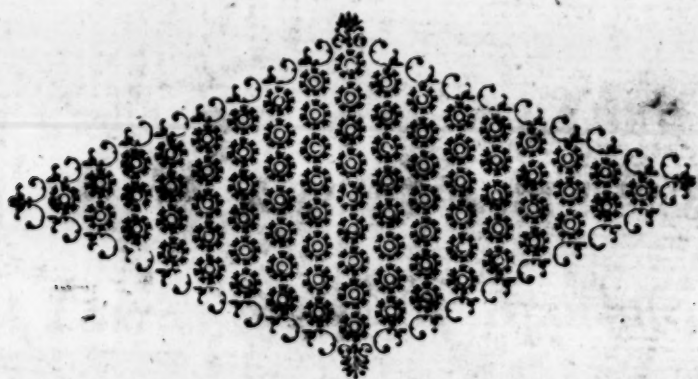


AN
EPISTLE
TO
DEAN SWIFT.
A
POEM.

Quicquid Agunt homines.

— *Granago Libelli*

By a Gentleman in the ARMY.



HEREFORD, Printed:

And Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster
and most Book-sellers in the Country, MDCCXXXIX.

(Price One Shilling)

AN
EPISTLE

TO

DEAN SWIFT

A

M.

E.



P.

General Agent

By a Gentleman in the A.R.M.Y.

H. R. F. O. R. D. Printed:

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To the Author of an Epistle Inscribed to Dean SWIFT.

FORGIVE the freedom of a Friend unknown,
 That lights his Taper from aflame your own,
 You write with Spirit, and you write with ease,
 Sure to please Readers whom 'tis Praise to please,
 By mixing something New, and something old,
 You sooth Each Fancy with the Tale that's told.

When you of SWIFT, your Muses Patron, Sing
 Wit like the Deans correct and clear you bring,
 Transparent as the Fountain from the Spring.
 Critick and Friend Appear, and both Unite,
 To place the Picture in its proper Light.

In Honour's Cause you plead and Truth defend,
 •Regardless of a Foe, and of a Friend.
 Not the Great *Laureat* can bribe Applause,
 From the fair rigour of your equal Laws.
 You give to each his Dividend of praise,
 And shed new Lustre on the * Shillings Rays,
 With Skill you well the Victory divide
 In praising POPE, tho *partial to aside*.

* Phillip's splendr'd Shilling.

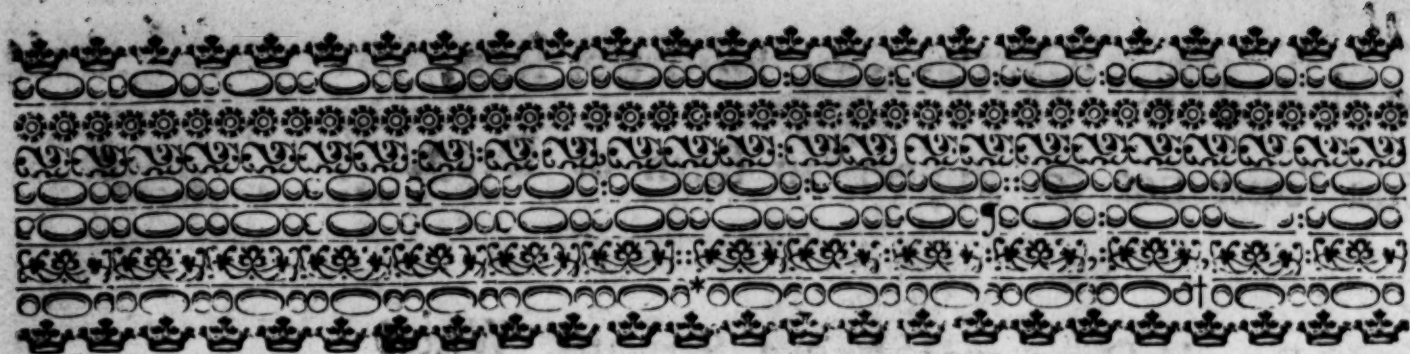
Nor can the Muse alone confine your Pen,
 You treat alike of Manners, and of Men,
 Lo! in your lines the worthy TALBOT lives,
 And Justice that he gave to all Receives.

Go on my Bard for any Subject fit,
 The true Sublime, or Strains of Comick wit.
 In your next Essay loftier Truths declare,
 Let Wifdoms Trumpet wake the drowfy Ear,
 Make daring Deifts tremble into thought,
 And own the Purchase that was dearly bought,
 Amidst a Scoffing Age be bold to tell,
 What GOD in Myftick Vifions did reveal.

So shall the Banners you display O'ercome,
 And *Ch-bbs---* and *T---nd--ls* wait their destin'd Doom;
 * So prove the Priesthoods Honour and Defence,
 And be a Soldier in a Double Sence.

* The Writer of this Epistle, is the Son of a Clergyman, and an Officer in the Army;





A N
E P I S T L E
T O
D E A N S W I F T.
A
P O E M.

Quicquid Agunt homines.

W H I L S T on Parnassus Top, Inthron'd you sit,
 Surveying thence your Distant Realms of Wit,
 Vice-Roys Contemn, on Kings themselves look down,
 That Reign in verse, and wear the Laurel Crown,
 The Muse that dares attempt so high a flight,
 Must want another Walsh to Guide her right,
 But as the Long Records of fame will show,
 The Poets, Gods, Cōverse sometimes below,
 For they Can find them Gods, or make them so,
 Thus O I V D Emblem of your inmost thought,
 Who knew nor W O O D nor of Brass half-pence taught,
 By Learning and State Politicks could Prove,
 J--O did more than talk with mighty Jove;

So that your Beauties may be better seen,
You scorn not to appear in form of Dean.

A Rural Dean was like a Serjeant, When
One taught the Military Art to Ten,
But now Cathedral'd as a Col'nel stands }
Ranges his little Regiment in Bands, }
With some Consults, yet still o'er all Comands. }
In Solemn State, an Hymn is Sung to GOD,
But Tenants after Dread the Silver Rod,
Conclude their Woefull Destiny is nigh,
When horrid fines from Mouths of CANONS Fly;
But you have left your Brothers in the Lurch,
Are grown Lord Primate of the Poet's Church;
Your Past'ral Letters are the Muses Guide,
No Priestcraft teach, nor swell with Holy Pride;
The Piece Design'd most Artfully you draw,
You are the Codex of Poetic Law;
Poets, like painters(if they would Excell)
Proportion first, then mix their Colours well;
And lay them on, with such Distinguish'd Care,
That Nature may in every Part Appear,
thus DRYDEN by the Subject form'd his Play,
In spite of Collier, still he got the Day;
Was here a jesuit, and there Buffoon,
Talk'd like a Bawd, and swore like a Dragoon,
Yet made these Characters together join,

To Grace the Scene, and shew the Grand Design.

ONCE of a Tub, you told a merry Tale,
Which wanted only Candour to Prevail,
Yet Pious SHARP to ANNA did protest,
He took the Author for an heathen Priest;
Not her own HARLEY after could incite Her,
To Let you jest in Lawn, or strut in Mitre:
Had you to Battles but confin'd your Pen,
And fought with Books as Marlbro did with Men;
As Captain General, you had Grac'd the Plain,
O'er Pedants Wounded, and O'er Bentleys Slain.
But yet you'll say perhaps that what you writ,
Was not to shew your morals, but your Wit;
You laid your Breast-plate of Religion by,
That, thus unarm'd you might your Prowels try,
And so, on Equal Terms, you fell upon
Peter and Martin, not forgetting John,
This would have done in times of better taste;
But dulness's turn's wit's Garden to a Waste,
Two spightfull Priests call'd RUNDLE an Imposter,
Charg'd high with Oaths to stop his way to Glo'ster,
But sure it would have made Old Abr'am merry;
I' have seen him better paid, to bless at Derry.

I F Pastors here must fight with ev'ry Evil
Because their Work is to subdue the Devil,
In Ireland sure they have a larger Scope,

Where

Where they engage the Devil and the Pope:
 There ev'ry Virtue join'd to every Grace,
 Can hardly fit the Prelate to the Place.

T H E Parson fat, a Justice soon is made;
 Employing this to help his other Trade;
 The frightened sheep he quickly drives away,
 Locks up his Church, but still secures the Pay.
 But sure Dear SWIFT these Folks can never Vye,
 With Men of Active Wit, like YOU and J.
 Our work will, long the Lady's Closet Grace,
 Pleas'd with the joke they slyly mark the Place;
 Nor Congreve's Doris, better shews your Case;
FLEURY and W - - - - - P, unconcern'd we see,
 As the Dark Scene of dull Neutrality,
 We feel the Sentence, and we hear the Cries,
 Two Shillings in the Pound and no EXCISE,
 Let Statsmen tell where the Vast Difference Lyes.
 Well they Devise to make the People Sober,
 With Loyal Drink, Monarchical OCTOBER,
 Aristocratick Punch was Mortal Sin,
 And hot Democracy began with GIN;
 Intoxicating GIN, whole power is such,
 No Mob, on Earth, cou'd E'er Out-mob the Dutch.
 The two De Wits, will never be forgot,
 Yet Porteous Murder Brands the small-beer-SCOT,
 Such Impudence as that was never seen,

To BRITAINS KING and *EUROPE'S* Greatest QUEEN.
 Where PURITANICK Zeal burst's out in Rage,
 Nor Sense nor Honour, can the force assuage,
 Adulterated Wine in Fame shall Rise;
 And Gout and Stone be bought with small *EXCISE*,
 What tho' Subscribers have of late been Dull,
 The Lottery wants only to be full
 Then, like the Tide at Once 'twill force it's way;
 And O'er the Thames Triumphal Arches Lay,
 The toleration for it self will speak,
 'Tis Charity, to Conscience when 'tis weak,
 But when Grown bold with Law to try it's Skill,
 Like Test Act Saints, or Like the Quaker's bill,
 'Tis time to See that Proper fences stand,
 Against the Tide that would O'er flow the Land.
 This Best the watchman's Care will Recommend
 And show at Once the Patriot and the Friend,
 State Ministers are Jockeys that of Course,
 Are taught to Ride a Great Unruly Horse,
 A monstrous Beast that Nothing can restrain,
 Unless the Politician holds the Rein,
 New Projects here will but Dissentions breed,
 They Serve Debate but never will Succeed,
 Yet how much time is Spent to try that Skill,
 Which Ends in nothing but a Cast-out Bill,
 Great SWIFT O'er all *HIBERNIA* is Confest,
 B Her

Her Ablest Statesman and her Darling preist,
 What e'er he Says is Good for all the Land,
 And Safe, as was the Seal in Talbot's Hand,
 Oh ! Sacred Talbot hadst thou Longer stood,
 Talbot the wise the Eloquent the Good.
 Ages to Come shall Listen to thy fame,
 And E N G L A N D's latest Annals Bless thy Name,
 From all thy Troubles and thy Cares Dismiss,
 For Civil Strifes and Combats in the List,
 Where Greatest Courtiers their Quietus have,
 And all Protests are Silent in the Grave,
 This Glorious Senate will in time do more,
 Than all their Ancestors have done before,
 Build for themselves, a more Convenient Seat,
 A Palace Greenwich Hospital Compleat,
 Sad Devastations of the Law Repair,
 And Doctors Commons make their Special Care,
 To Serve their Country Some New Schemes Invent,
 And show their Tenants how to pay their Rent,
 What most affects will most at Heart be Laid,
 The Nations Product, and the Nations Trade,
 When Ills are more than Mortals can Endure,
 So Great a Grief Requires a Speedy Cure,
 Each Patriot Sure will his Compassion show,
 To Save the Oppress'd and heal the Nations Woe.
 Oh ! Could Each Case to them be fairly shown,

And

And they but make Another's Case their own,
 No Longer they'd their Country's Sorrows bear,
 But Cut those Claws that without Mercy Tear,
 So Great is the Corruption of the Laws,
 Better to Lose a Right than try a Cause,
 They who in Deep Intrenchments Safe Remain,
 Shou'd pity others on the Open Plain,
 Expos'd Distress'd to Every side a prey,
 Where Plunder is the honour of the day,
 ENGLAND with these, as Spain with Priest's is curst,
 'Tis hard to say which Locust is the worst,
 Of Every Rank the Poet will Appear.
 To do least Harm and has Least cause to Fear,
 No Plot against the Crown He'll ever Lay,
 Whose Deepest Plot is how to form a Play,
 Old Lowndes Reviv'd wou'd never think it Fit,
 In Times of Dearth to Lay a Tax on Wit,
 He takes no Fee, nor sells his Drop and Pill,
 Like Ward sometimes to Cure, and sometimes Kill,
 Prescribes his Recipe by Reading's scene,
 To Ease the Hypocon, and Cure the spleen,
 To him no Crowds of List'ning fools belong,
 Pay Dear to Gaze and hear a stupid Song,
 An Age Deprav'd from wit to Vice Inclind,
 Exalts the Senses and Contemns the mind,
 How many Preachers to their Churches bring,

What

What throngs to hear one Farinelli sing,
 For Costly Dress and Equipages Gay,
 More Run in Debt than Ever think to pay,
 How well agree to waſt an uſeleſs Life,
 The Different aims of Husband and of Wife,
 None think that when the Courſe of vice they Run,
 By Luxury and Eaſe was Rome undone,
 In Drawing true the Poets Pen Excel's,
 Who Like a prophet. things to Come, foretells,
 The Canvas Cracks the Colours fail, and all,
 The Marble ſtatues to their Duſt muſt fall,
 Verſes Like Spirits, Oe'r the 'Globe can fly,
 The Globe itſelf Deſtroy'd can Never Dye,
 Their Numbers Chang'd in other forms are Caſt,
 And turn to Ha-le-lu-jah's at the Laſt.

Not fares it thus, with Scriblers of the times,
 Whoſe feeble force Expires in ſaſhy Rhymes,
 That no Mæcenas without ſhaine approach,
 Whiſt you to Windſor, Rode in Harley's Coach,
 To ſuch Low Pedants, Harley had been kind,
 To Let them walk beſide, or Ride Behind.

Poet, and Parſon, Common Terms are Grown,
 For all that make a verſe or wear a Gown,
 But ſure it would for Great Injuſtice paſs,

To

To place TOM. DURFEY, in JOHN DRYDEN's Class.
 Vulcan as well might stand by Gunner Jones,
 And Brilliant Gems, be set with Bristol Sones
 Sooner shall * Castre's with the Court agree,
 Young † Nimo Battle the Prestbytery,
 P-t-n-y- with W---l-p--e, looner shall Combin
 And, Wolves and Seep, in Leagues of Friendship join:
 Courtiers, and Patriots, Cease to be the same,
 With Lookers on, and those that play the Game;
 These still find fault, when all the Tricks are won,
 But like the Scotch Petition, fix on---None.
 Sooner shall Whiston, be from Censure freed,
 And H--dl-y-'s, Sermon, Orthodox Decreed:
 Light shall be found, by groping in the Dark,
 With L---K'S Disciples, or with Dr. C---K:
 The Nightingal, shall with the Buzzard sit,
 And Larks with Geese, e're Fools with Men of Wit;
 Great as thy Thought, so let thy Care be shown,
 For this unhappy Isle, since once thy own;
 Let no unjust Resentment, whet thy Rage,
 But sharply lash the Follies of the Age,
 Who O'er the Map of Truth, his Pencil draws,
 Describes with ease, as H E N S O L S tried a Cause;
 Here 'tis confest, the mighty Grievance lyes,
 The Palm deni'd to you, that won the Prize;
 An Index Ribbon, Blue or Green, or Red,

C

Denotes

* One a Scotch, the other a † French Gentleman at Paris.

Denotes the Heart is sound and Wise the Head,
 A Statesman looks, but with an awkward Grace,
 That goes without a Pension or a Place;
 If no regard must be, to Merit shown,
 'Tis hardly worth ones while to live in Town:
 Nor could the Usual, Northen Spirits Raise,
 But as it shines, 'tis Emblem Bright of Praise;
 White Sleeves tho' fine, are yet exceeding Thin,
 And scarcely cover, what is black within,
 Yet to the Wearer Blessings thick afford,
 Besides to Rule, and to be call'd my Lord.
 When favour mark'd, the Able and the Just,
 And Publick Spirit, shar'd the Publick Trust,
 E'er Privat Aims to govern first began,
 The Place was well Consider'd, then the Man;
 But in preferring now, this Rule is Set,
 None's fit for any Post, he cannot Get.
 For speakers, you may Y - - -ge or P - - -ns Quote,
 But see the Difference, when they come to Vote;
 Not so, it fares, with those whom Mars Ordains,
 Where Neptune Rules, or where Appollo Reigns:
 Where Victory by Conduct must be Bought,
 And many Lives depend, on one, great thought.
 When EUGEN takes the Field, no Storms dismay,
 No Eire affrights, nor Rocks, obstructs the Way;
 Each River, will assist the injured Brave,
 The Danube swell'd to drown, the Rhine Oe'rflow'd, to Save.

And now methinks dear Freind, I hear you say,
 Your Rules are good, let's Cheerfully away ;
 Like the swift Hart, we'll run before the Wind,
 And leave the Panting jade, to Lob behind,
 Yet see by all the steps, we strive to Trace;
 The many Rubs that spoils the Poet's Race ;
 With greater Skill, where are the Passions seen,
 Describ'd then, in Old Spencer's Fairy Queen.
 To which Great Sydney, paid a just Regard,
 Whose Approbation, Equall'd his Reward ;
 His Parts and Learning, got him no Relief,
 For brought to want, Brave Spencer, fell by Grief.
 BEN. JOHNSON tho' the wonder of his Time,
 Could hardly live by Prose, but starv'd by Rhyme.
 COWLEY in Fancy Rich, in Art Compleat,
 Yet Labour'd hard to get a small Retreat ;
 A Favour long, to his great Worth Deny'd,
 So just as he had found his Wish, - - - he dy'd.
 MILTON, whose Verse; for Ever will Remain,
 Whom greatest Wits, must Imitate in vain ;
 Tho' with the first of Epic' Poets Crown'd,
 Yet his Great Work was sold for Fifteen Pound.
 WALLER Excell'd in Judgment, more than Thought,
 Refin'd the Language, and the Manner taught;
 A Manag'd Muse, ROSCOMMON did inspire,
 With mien Majestick, yet he wanted Fire.

And

And ROCHESTER whose Pegasi's ran first,
 Restive and hot still carry'd him the worst,
 SHEFFIELD had ev'ry Grace and could impart,
 In finest Thoughts the strongest Rules of Art;
 His Glaring Wit with one continu'd shine;
 Shew'd Nature's Master piece in ev'ry Line,
 DORSET the Darling of the Court and Sage,
 Made his, for Wit become the Golden Age;
 By Writings first, taught Poets to excel,
 Then Nobly paid them, but for writing well?
 This DRYDEN felt, tho' it must still be said,
 'Twas Pity DRYDEN shou'd have wrote for Bread.
 BUTLER whose Images for Gems might pass,
 Got more by D-e-r-s-e-t than by HUDIBRASS,
 To SPRAAT alone, two Characters belong,
 Smooth is his Prose and sweet in Verse his Song,
 At Once most Eloquent and most Sublime
 The CICEERO, and PINDAR of his Time,
 OXFORD made ROE with Spanish wrack his Brains
 And gave him two Don Quixotes for his Pains,
 But PRIOR stood by far a better Chance,
 A Statesman turn'd, and play'd the Farce in France,
 Great ADDISON was born for Nobler Fate,
 A Countess rul'd then hep'd to rule the Sate,
 Indicious WALSH taught POPE at first to please,
 Who writes with Strength, yet always writes with Ease,

Translators by the Subject are in Fault;
 He's Rich by telling what old HOMER taught,
 With best Success has POPE the Poet try'd,
 Back'd with Renown, tho' partial to a side,
 Thro' Troops of Criticks like EUGENE He'll fight,
 And write such Lines as None but POPE can write,
 Tho' GARTH in Drawing, gave the nicest Touch.
 He often spoil'd, by finishing too much,
 STEELE found a better fate than he deserv'd,
 Who with the largest Contributions starv'd,
 Such thoughtless Spendthrifts, I with Scorn detest,
 Who sell their furniture; to make a Feast,
 His Charitable Corporation injur'd none,
 For who can be by other's Stock undone,
 BRAMSTONE in Politicks his Credit saves,
 And marks with greatest Art the greatest Knaves,
 THOMPSON his Muse can to the Subject bring,
 His Judgment's Summer; and his Wit the Spring,
 Unable to pursue the grand Device,
 He fails in reaching MILTON'S Paradise,
 But PHILLIPS well-deserves a greater Name;
 Whose splendid Shilling lifted him to fame,
 With great Success have, T---E and E---EN writ,
 For what the Court approves, must need be Wit,

D

Who

Who strains for Fame in Field of Honour dies,
 The Laureat's Stipend is the golden Prize,
 They are not POETS, who have no Design,
 But empty Rhymes to equal Numbers join,
 Nor those with bombast Words that dully play,
 Like C - - B - - R when he writes on New-Years-Day,
 But CONGREVE when the Soul he wou'd inspire,
 To ARABELLA'S Voice could tune his Lyre,
 With this unequal Fate are POETS curst,
 They're often paid the best, that write the worst,
 The most sublime are with the lowest Plac'd,
 For still the Vulgar, is the largest Taft,
 Who the swift Racer, ty'd to Cart-horse saw,
 When this cou'd neither run, nor that cou'd draw,
 Cooks that wou'd please the Taft, with Flesh and Fowl,
 Yet with an Hare, will never roast an Owl,
 As Chymists when they wou'd their Art display,
 Keep their fine Parts, but throw the gross away,
 Just so on Authors, when you would refine,
 FLATMAN to BLACKMORE, QUARLES to
 (SHADWELL join,
 Let ev'ry thing, it's proper Value bear,
 Yet mix not China Plates, with Holland Ware,
 The Price of Honour, is in Private told,
 Only to those that bought and those that sold,

The Merchant for his Skill, in Traffick known,
 Buys most of that, of which there's least in Town,
 This Rule for Wares of Pleasure may be bad,
 But still holds true, in such as must be had,
 Suppose there's now, for Wit a small Demand,
 Yet Dealers still, should keep a Stock in hand,
 That so they may when better Times prevail,
 Sell Goods by Wholesale, which they now retail,
 Attempt to feed the Mind but ill succeeds,
 How many Eat and Drink for one that reads,
 Of those that read there's fewer yet that will,
 Learn to distinguish Right, and read with Skill,
 When e'er inclin'd to saunter for an Hour,
 Shun an Approaching Coach, or Cart, or Shower,
 Stay for a Freind, a Question ask, or so,
 What News in Town, and see how Fashions go,
 Or view the gay Machines that now confer,
 Each Day their heavy Loads to Westminster,
 The letter'd Traveller if near, makes bold,
 To step within a Shop where Books are sold,
 The Owner shews what's new, in hopes to try,
 If something yet unseen, will make them buy,
 A Sermon preach'd at PAUL'S, by Dr C--W,
 At fam'd SEPULCHRE'S, *this*, and *that*, at BOW,

M---D--X, or P---E may preach, or C---R pray,
 But Beaux and Ladies of the Town will pay,
 More for a Farce, Romance, or worthless Play,
 To please one Faction Pamphlets never fail,
 That meaning others at Sir R---T Rail,
 Their A U T H O R S having tyed their latest Page,
 Like Prize fighters cut down, must quit the Stage,
 Volumes of Learning unregarded lye,
 Which few would read, but fewer yet would buy,
 Perhaps a small Epistle that is new,
 And tells, what ev'ry READER finds is true,
 May hit the Taste of some, and make a shift,
 To please, but more Inscrib'd, to D^R. S W I F T.

F I N I S.

